

JULY, 1931

# Ku-Kahau-ula and Poliahu

*The Betrothal of the Pink God and the Snow Goddess  
The Pink Snow Is Always Seen Upon Mauna Kea.*

By AHUENA



TELL me one of your many legends, Puna, some tale belonging to the Big Island of Hawaii where Kamehameha First, whom many people call the 'Napoleon of the Pacific,' was born—something different, something altogether apart from the lore of Pele, goddess of Volcanoes, creator of the Islands. Tell me some sweet story of a lovely, flowerlike girl and a handsome lover steadfast and true."

So spoke a tawny-skinned young girl to her indulgent old Hawaiian nurse whose bent form bespoke four score years and more.

The beautiful girl made a charming picture as she reclined on an exquisite, almost priceless *makaloa* mat, patterned with small brown squares and tiny triangle designs of finely-woven rush that looked as lovely and was as soft as a silken coverlet.

A shady *hau* tree with its pale gold and russet-tinted, bell-like blossoms formed a canopy above her head, whose flowing, almost raven-like tresses fell abundantly below her waist in perfect abandon. An orange-colored *hala lei* entwined with green *maile* (myrtle), held the stray tresses in place and away from her forehead, forming a coronet. Her long, sweeping black lashes half concealed soft eyes that gleamed like burnished copper.

Her whole attitude bespoke an appeal as she leaned forward, with her chin resting in the slender amber-like hands bent back from softly-moulded wrists and arms, while she held a red ripe *ohia* fruit lightly poised in the frail tips of the tapering fingers of the other hand.

Her narrow, arched bare feet bespoke a nervous impatience as they peeped from beneath the folds of her brilliant red *muumuu* (Hawaiian house dress)—their tiny toes moving rhythmically back and forth.

Her devoted old nurse sat on the edge of the mat, facing her. Her lap was filled with stubby green *hala* fruit contrasting sharply with her black *halohu* (Hawa-

"How beautiful!" exclaimed pleasure it would be to see them with the story, please."

Then her old nurse's voice flowed in a low, lous chant, apparently chiding impatience—

"The youths of Kohala never  
Their *kapa* togas are already  
They heed not the rain nor  
For their shoulders are ever  
So worry not for thou  
The story of the Pink God  
Whose glowing beam is seen  
And she of the snow-white  
Whose heart melts at his call

"Listen," continued Puna; "I have seen on Mauna Kea, the great, towers above and almost touching the summit of snow-clad peaks cling near the sun, at *Hikianā* (the Beginning) the *Kipu'u pu'u* (chilling) rain continues sweeping down to the district of *mao*, and away up on this great a beautiful snow-white maiden (Bosom of Treasure), who wears snow-white *hina-hina* blossoms throughout the tain tops.

"She is known as the Snow Goddess. She is the favorite daughter of the Creator of Waters, and the God Hina. Her nurse's name is Lihau.

"Ka-ne, her father, created a basin with beautiful clear water within the summit of Mauna-kea, reflecting a basin behind the snow-clad peak



that he had ever seen. He was known as Ku-kahau-ula (the Pink-Tinted Snow's Arrival), the Pink-Tinted Snow-God of Mauna-kea, who made daily pilgrimages to court the Snow Goddess at morn and in afternoon.

"Throwing his pink *kapa* toga over his shoulders, and starting down on the first sun's ray, beyond Haehae, the Land of Desire at the eastern gateway of the sun at Kahiki (the Beyond), he tried to approach as near as possible the place where she dwelt upon the snow-capped mountain. He watched her each day as she played with the *kini-akua*s (fairies) amongst the silversword *ahina-hina* near the pool, and, sometimes further down near the fern-belt. But her faithful attendant, Lihau, (the Chilling Frost) was always with her.

"Each day he became more fascinated and made every effort to reach her abode and court her—win her for his bride—but Lili-noe, another sprite (the Fine Rain) drove him back, and at other times when he started, Pele's sister at the eastern gateway of the sun endeavored to entice him away, all striving to prevent him visiting Poliahu, at Mauna-kea.

"Undaunted, he continued his pilgrimages, sending his beam towards Mauna-kea. One day when Poliahu had grown into womanhood, the handsome prince espied her, identifying her by her fine soft white *kapa* robe that Hina, her mother had beaten out so beautifully from the bark of the Wau-ke plant with her magic *kapa* beater; until it resembled soft white clouds when finished. Her nurse, Lihau, wrapped it around her.

"Poliahu was coming slowly down the mountainside almost to where plant life grew when he saw her, and immediately was enraptured with her beauty, beholding her from his place of vantage. Her sparkling face and livine form were radiantly beautiful, and it seemed to him that she even outrivalled the silvery-white *hina-hina* blossoms. Throwing his pink *kapa* toga over his shoulder again, he hastened to greet her, but her nurse, Lihau (the Chilling Frost) and Kipu'u pu'u (the Hail) came out and found her. It became so chilly he withdrew his beam.

"However, that did not weaken his resolution to court her. The next day he departed earlier than usual on his love quest—for he planned all night how this feat of winning the Snow Goddess for his own could be accomplished, and when dawn arrived he departed bravely, but Lili-noe (the Fine Rain) chased him away again. Again and again he made the attempt at each new dawn of day and near sunset, pproaching closer and closer until one day Poliahu's mother, Hina, (Goddess of Mist) discovered him just as he was nearing the Snow Goddess.

"Another dawn came and he started again, wearing his usual pink *kapa* robe, full of hope, and determined to win his heart's desire that day.

"Hina, who was on guard, saw him and sent the biting black rain after him. He glided back and forth and waited until the rain had disappeared, when he departed again, his pink *kapa* so vivid as he traversed the heavens that its reflection caused a glorious rainbow to arch. When the sentinel Merman saw the rainbow caused by the radiant form of the Pink God reflected in the mist, he understood the omen of love and took pity on him, and blew his conch shell, calling out to him:

"'Oh, Magnificent Pink Lord, come tomorrow at dawn and I will show you the way to meet Poliahu and conquer Hina; come with thy iridescent pink robe; part the Gray Veil of Night, and send thy red glow to fascinate her;

"'I have watched thee daily as thou sailed the heavens in quest of thy loved one, at morn and in afternoons, and am convinced of your love; come to the swimming pool; be not afraid of Lihau's anger; you can overcome her coldness.'

"Ku-kahau-ula did as he was told, and as he started down in all his radiant beauty, he saw Moo-i-nanea beckoning and he came a little nearer to the topmost peak with his pink *kapa* cloth outspread prepared to throw one end of it over the shoulder of the Snow Goddess.

"Poliahu, seeing him at that moment, called out to her mother in ecstasy and delight:

"'Oh, Hina! Behold the handsome one as he stands at the very edge of the sun's ray—all ray himself—and his rosy form is sending a warmth to my bosom. He is wearing a pink helmet and is swathed in a pink cape. Look, mother Hina! Call to him to come nearer that I may chant a message of *aloha* to him!'

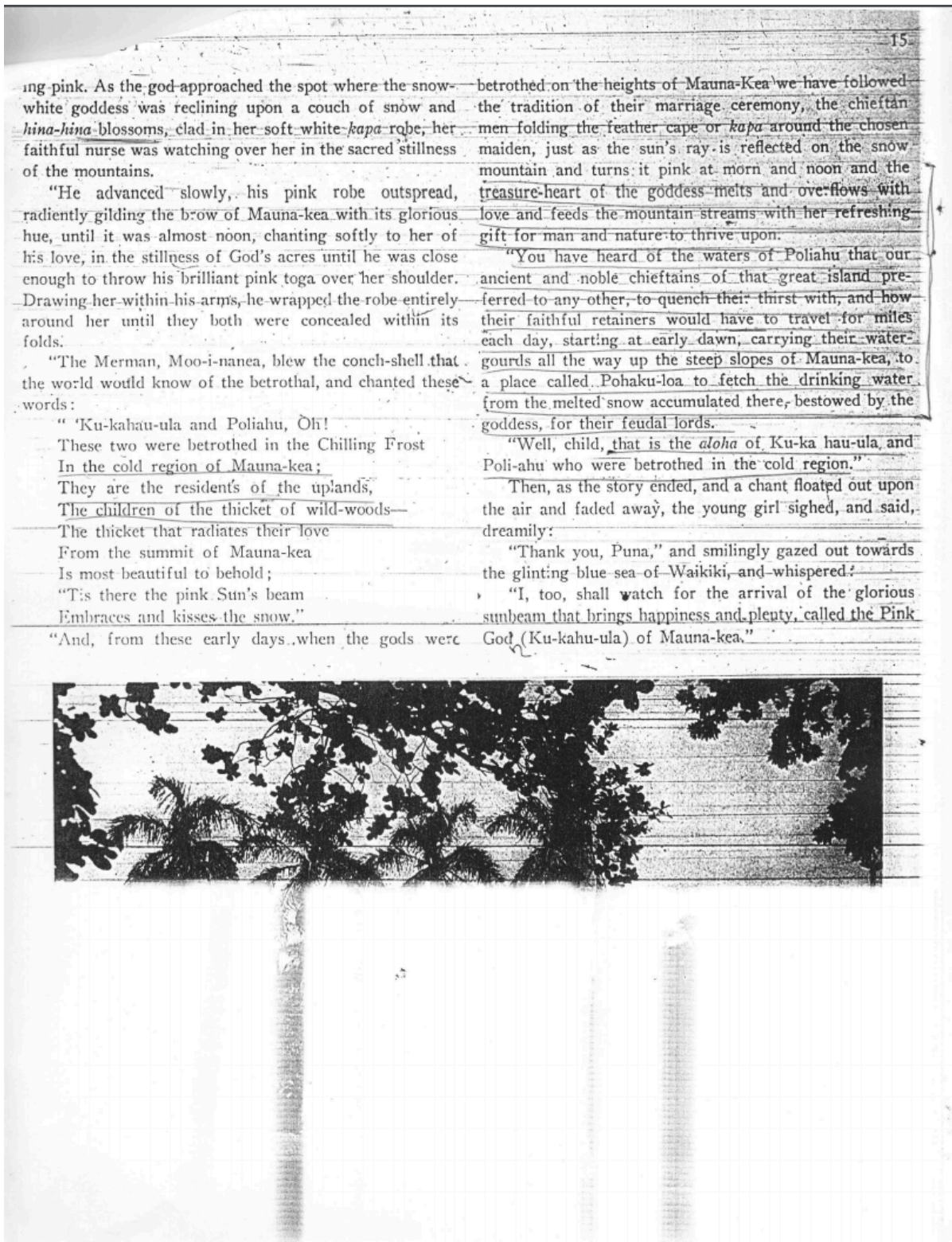
"Hina was beside herself with fear and grief at the possibility of losing her daughter, for she saw that his beauty had attracted Poliahu, and again, she sent the biting, driving rain and the cold, white mist over the land until the Pink Snow God was lost in the fog and it took him some time to find his home. He became discouraged, and he chanted to the sentinel of the pool, appealing to him to come to his assistance, for he was burning with an unquenchable love for Poliahu.

"'Lead me over the swimming pool, to my beloved; to the gods Ka-ne and Hina that they may know of my devotion.'

"'Then,' the sentinel called to him, 'come, brave one of the sky, but you must first conceal your beautiful pink *kapa* robe from view until you arrive at the pool; then

### Exhibit B.13p

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ing pink. As the god approached the spot where the snow-white goddess was reclining upon a couch of snow and *hina-hina* blossoms, clad in her soft white *kapa* robe, her faithful nurse was watching over her in the sacred stillness of the mountains.

"He advanced slowly, his pink robe outspread, radiantly gilding the brow of Mauna-kea with its glorious hue, until it was almost noon, chanting softly to her of his love, in the stillness of God's acres until he was close enough to throw his brilliant pink toga over her shoulder. Drawing her within his arms, he wrapped the robe entirely around her until they both were concealed within its folds.

"The Merman, Moo-i-nanea, blew the conch-shell that the world would know of the betrothal, and chanted these words:

" 'Ku-kahau-ula and Poliahu, Ohi!  
These two were betrothed in the Chilling Frost  
In the cold region of Mauna-kea;  
They are the residents of the uplands,  
The children of the thicket of wild-woods—  
The thicket that radiates their love  
From the summit of Mauna-kea  
Is most beautiful to behold;  
'Tis there the pink Sun's beam  
Embraces and kisses the snow."

"And, from these early days when the gods were

betrothed on the heights of Mauna-Kea we have followed the tradition of their marriage ceremony, the chieftain men folding the feather cape or *kapa* around the chosen maiden, just as the sun's ray is reflected on the snow mountain and turns it pink at morn and noon and the treasure-heart of the goddess melts and overflows with love and feeds the mountain streams with her refreshing gift for man and nature to thrive upon.

"You have heard of the waters of Poliahu that our ancient and noble chieftains of that great island preferred to any other, to quench their thirst with, and how their faithful retainers would have to travel for miles each day, starting at early dawn, carrying their water-gourds all the way up the steep slopes of Mauna-kea, to a place called Pohaku-loa to fetch the drinking water from the melted snow accumulated there, bestowed by the goddess, for their feudal lords.

"Well, child, that is the *aloha* of Ku-ka hau-ula, and Poli-ahu who were betrothed in the cold region."

Then, as the story ended, and a chant floated out upon the air and faded away, the young girl sighed, and said, dreamily:

"Thank you, Puna," and smilingly gazed out towards the glinting blue sea of Waikiki, and whispered:

"I, too, shall watch for the arrival of the glorious sunbeam that brings happiness and plenty, called the Pink God (Ku-kahu-ula) of Mauna-kea."

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